

787 incessantly. After a time a spirit might appear to him. Perhaps this
 776 would be on the first or second night, perhaps later. Sometimes it was in
 full daylight, and the man really saw the spirit like a true person; but more
 usually he saw him in his sleep. It might be a person that appeared, that
 is to say, an untrue person (spirit), or an animal, or the spirit of a rock or
 of the brush. Some men went to islands and rivers instead of to mountain-
 peaks. These might receive the otter, or the beaver, or the muskrat, or
 the water-monster (bax'aa") as their guardian spirit. Sometimes when a
 man was crying on a mountain-top in a thunderstorm, the thunder (bax'aa")
 appeared to him. The lightning shot straight towards him, as if to hit him,
 and the bird was so near above his head that the man sometimes became
 afraid and ran away. If he staid, the thunder-bird became his spirit, and
 gave him medicine that was unusually powerful. Generally, it seems, the
 man cried incessantly, until he was exhausted and fell asleep. Then the
 spirit appeared to him, saying, "I pity you. What do you want?" The
 man said that he wished to be wealthy, or successful in war or love, or to
 756 become a medicine-man. If he was to be a doctor, the spirit showed him
 776 roots and plants, telling him to note their appearance, and informing him
 787 of the diseases for which they were a cure. Those plants that he had seen
 in his dream or vision, the new doctor looked for until he found them. His
 spirit told him, "In so many years (naming the number) you will begin to
 doctor." After that time had elapsed, he began doctoring. The spirit or
 animal told him that the place where he was was its own home. From this
 time on, the man never killed the animal that had appeared to him (except,
 apparently, for the purpose of obtaining parts of it as a fetish or amulet);
 nor did he eat of it under any circumstances. He used a part of the animal,
 especially the claws or the fur, in his doctoring. If the spirit of a rock had
 appeared to him, he used a stone.

755 Medicine-men cured the sick by sucking the body and by brushing it.
 As is customary among Indians, they were believed to suck through the
 skin without biting, cutting, or puncturing it. They might suck blood,
 pebbles, cloth, human finger-nails, bunches of hair, and many other things.
 If they sucked out old pus, it was evidence that the disease was of long
 standing. If they brushed or rubbed the patient, they used owl-feathers,
 skunk-skin, prairie-dog fur, or similar parts of animals. Some used bells
 as rattles, some whistles, and some drums; and all sang, each doctor having
 his own songs. After sucking the patient, the doctor chewed up medicine,
 which he then applied to the patient's body. He often also gave him medi-
 cine boiled in water to drink. The powers of doctors varied. Different men
 were able to cure different diseases. It is said, however, that none could do
 much for affections of the ear.

Doctors were paid a horse or more for their services. Sometimes several, 756
in turn, doctored a patient, each one blaming those that had failed before.
Often they laid the sickness to spirits, or to other doctors. This last occurred
especially if in their sucking they extracted human finger-nails or similar
objects. In such a case the doctor got his patient to sleep. The patient
might then in his dream see the person that had made him sick, and on
awaking would denounce him. If the
sick man died, his relatives might kill
the doctor whom he had named as the
cause of his sickness.

There were not so many women doctors
as men. They appear not to have
gone out to the mountains with the inten-
tion of acquiring supernatural power, but
to have received guardian spirits when
they were away from the camp,
mourning.

The jugular and femoral arteries and
the aorta were called *ts'niinotanoudj'*
("having no ears"), because, when sev-
ered, they did not heed any remedies.

In order to save the life of a sick rela-
tive, the joint of the little finger was
sometimes cut off in sacrifice to the
sun.

There were some medicine-men who,
having had their fingers tied, then had
their knees fastened together and their
hands secured behind their back. After
this they were wrapped in a robe and the
robe was wound about with a rope.
Then such a medicine-man called his
spirit. When it appeared, he was loos-
ened instantaneously, and the robe and the rope were thrown at the man
that tied him.

A charm used by a doctor is shown in Fig. 30. It consists of a deer-tail 756
with beaded base, and of two black feathers and a bunch of down feathers. 718
All parts of the object are reddened. This piece was used to brush patients.
At other times during the doctoring it was worn on the medicine-man's
clothing.

A man unsuccessful in winning a woman's love sometimes fasted on a 787
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Fig. 30 (50 1937) Doctor's Charm.
Length, 22 cm.

171 whitish fur, and dyed horsehair tufts at the ends. At the base of each arm
 293 are red, yellow, and violet feathers. These are either cut off across the end,
 778 or have the uppermost part of the quill with its attached vanes removed.

CUSTOMS CONNECTED WITH RELIGION.

171 Sacred pipes were important in the religion of the Gros Ventre. The
 276 beliefs and practices connected with these differ somewhat from those of
 778 the Arapaho. The Arapaho recognize only one sacred pipe, which is pre-
 eminent over all others. Its worship is entirely tribal, though it is in the
 keeping of an individual. It occupies much the place in tribal life that the
 sacred pole did among the Omaha. While there are other sacred objects,
 such as the wheels and bundles, none of them equal the pipe in the regard
 in which they are held. Among the Gros Ventre there is an analogue of the
 Arapaho pipe, but also several others. This multiplicity distinctly differen-
 tiates the character of the Gros Ventre pipes from that of the Arapaho. The
 Gros Ventre pipes are not all primarily connected with the origin of the
 world; they are in part obtained from other tribes. They thus resemble
 the inter-tribal peace-pipes of the eastern and northern Plains.

[888] The sacred pipes were kept by old men. Their keepers could retain
 them as long as they wanted. They transferred their pipe to another
 keeper or owner whenever they wished, especially if some one prayed on
 their behalf. At present the Gros Ventre have three pipes. It is said that
 formerly they had more, some of which have been buried with their last
 owners. The most sacred of these pipes is called "flat-pipe" (cūčitsa).
 This is described as being made of catlinita, with the bowl in the shape of
 a person (inita). The Arapaho sacred pipe is also called "flat-pipe," and
 also is not flat; but it differs from the Gros Ventre pipe in being cylindrical
 and tubular. About the centre of the stem of this Gros Ventre flat-pipe is
 tied a string. A person in the tent where the pipe is kept should not tell
 myths. If through forgetfulness he begins to do so, it is necessary for him
 to continue all night.

276 A sick man sometimes pledged to smoke one of the sacred pipes for his
 755 recovery. Then he provided food, and distinguished warriors were invited.
 778 Each of these had to recount four coups before the pipe could be lighted.
 A green cherry-branch was then taken, greased, and put into the fire to light
 the pipe with. If it burnt well, the man would recover; if it burnt poorly,
 they were afraid that he would not become well, or that something would
 happen. Then the pipe was smoked in the greatest silence. Cloth or
 calico was "given" to it, the wrapping last given being the one on the out-

1908.]

Kroeber, Ethnology of the Gros Ventre.

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side of the bundle, it is said. Except at such ceremonies as this, only the keeper could touch the pipe.

Pipes were sometimes given to other tribes, and were sometimes received from them. Sometimes they were carried by war-parties. One of the three pipes still in existence is said to have been given by the Cheyenne to the Crow, and by the latter to the Gros

Ventre, when peace was made between the two tribes. The stem is ornamented with feathers, weasel-skins, and at the end with a bunch of eagle-feathers. The sacred pipes were kept wrapped in many pieces of skin or cloth, and hung up in the tent. In good weather they were hung on a stand of three or four sticks, behind the tent. The keepers of the sacred pipes observed stringent rules. They could not eat of the head or back of any animal, nor of any part of the white-tailed deer, nor any eggs. They were not allowed to bathe, or to paint (except red), or to take the ashes out of the tent. They had to smoke in certain ways. They did not eat dogs, or allow them in the tent; nor did they let dogs touch them, or walk over their legs, or walk before them, while they were smoking. The keepers of the sacred pipes wore their hair uncut and uncombed. They could not cut it until they had given the pipe to another keeper. The hair was worn tied in a bunch just above the forehead. Fig. 42 shows such a bunch of matted hair, said to have been that of the grandfather of the father of the man who was the oldest in the tribe in 1901. This former keeper of the pipe became so old that he lost most of his

hair, and the bunch shown was cut off by him before it should drop off. To this hair the later owner of the pipe, his present great-grandson, tied the first of his own teeth to fall out from old age: they are contained in a small cloth sack.



Fig. 42 (50 1902). Matted Hair.
Length, 41 cm.

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863 might even 'fuss' a little with him, saying something like: 'Look at you! I thought I told you to urinate. I'm trying to make you do it at the right time, and you want to hold back!' But we were not harsh with infants because we knew they have to learn. Anyway, if you misjudged the time, all you had to do was to throw out the powdered chips and put in fresh ones. The old way was much better. These diaper-babies around here now are much more trouble."

• [755] If a child developed enuresis, a tiny bit of the tail of a fox or of a beaver tied to his belt, or a piece of badger skin for him to sit on, was thought to guarantee a cure.

854 To help the child who had trouble teething, it was considered
[825] wise to kill a mouse, skin it, take the back thigh and, after cooking
[757] it well, rub on the gums. It is said by Coming Daylight that the Crow used fish for this purpose. Some children have such a difficult time that their gums are very sore and their tongues even swell. Coming Daylight's grandmother and others knew how to remedy that condition. The doctor, using a sharp-pointed bone, would lance the gums here and there where the teeth were coming, after allowing the gums to bleed, they would rub some powdered root on the gums. As a preventive, old folks said to catch tiny baby mice and, after roasting them on the coals, feed them to the child. Coming Daylight, for instance, did that for her children, and none of them had any trouble with teething.

856 They would let babies crawl when they showed the inclination to do so, but the old women were sure that they always watched their babies more closely than mothers do today. They used to encourage them to walk by holding them up and helping them. It has been Coming Daylight's experience that boys learn to walk more quickly than girls. It may be, however, that more attention was given to boys.

198 The only expression the old women, or the younger ones for
856 that matter, could think of that could be considered "baby talk" was that babies, when very small and just beginning to talk, say: "I" (prolonged and with strong glottal stop) if they do not like something or do not wish to take what is offered. This, together with na'a 'mother' and ni'a 'father,'*—which babies say properly

* These are vocative forms rather than descriptive forms.

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776 He was the "master of life" as previously mentioned. Long life was the result of something more than conformity to "health rules," such as daily morning cold baths to harden the body.⁹ "The Supreme Being allows people to live long. If he wanted, he cut off their lives." "When people die, it is the Supreme Being who cuts off their lives." "Very old people lived a long life because they were pitied by the Supreme Being." The Boy's father, Lame Bull, said that "a man lives, not his own life, but according to what is given him and wished by Ixtcibani:hohat. A man has what he has by the wish of the One Above."

776 888 The Gros Ventres understood by that that the aged had survived to old age not by accident, but by the permission and wish of the Supreme Being. It was common for young men to approach in tears a very old man or woman, offer a pipe, and request him or her to ask the Supreme Being to grant him long life, to make him a good warrior who would be immune to arrows or bullets when he was shot at.¹⁰

776 721 782 [755] In grave illness the Supreme Being would be appealed to to spare the sick person's life. It was a common belief that the Supreme Being would not permit a large attacking force of enemies to slaughter a smaller number at home in its own camp. When a group of young Gros Ventre recruits was leaving for World War II, the Supreme Being was prayed to in an old song that he would watch over them and let them come back home unharmed; although there were some casualties among Gros Ventre soldiers in World War II, not one of the above particular group was even wounded.

776 [171] The Supreme Being as the one who "owns everything" was the provider of food. He was not called "master of food," as was common among the northeastern Algonquians,¹¹ living closer than the Gros Ventres to a scarcity economy; food, it was felt, was "too little" a thing, and the title undignified. But all good things to eat, including "wild" food such as berries, fruits, roots and tubers, came from the Supreme Being and were given by him.

⁹ Cf. Flannery, 1953, p. 144.

¹⁰ Cf. Flannery, 1953, pp. 195-96.

¹¹ Cooper, 1934, p. 71.

Supernatural Beings

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Child, and made offering of tobacco and food to earth. Al Chandler explained: "The earth is put in because that is where your living is. You get everything from the earth, fruit, animals, everything to live on, and get everything you eat from there," although ultimately it is the Supreme Being who owns and gives everything. We got one passing casual reference to "mother earth" by Mary Ercaux, and another by Tom Main to earth as being a "spirit" and having a "special keeper," but obtained no later confirmation of or detailed information on these points. In general, earth seems to have played a quite subordinate role in Gros Ventre religious thought and ritual.

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The sun was appreciably more prominent, ranking according to some informants next to the Supreme Being, and mentioned as "The One Traveling," or "Passing or Traveling Man" immediately after him in prayers. Another current seems to have assigned a much lower relative rank to the sun, and mentioned sun and moon together, as "Those-who-follow-each-other," and after the Supreme Being and the Four Holy Old Men. In any case the sun was in no sense identified with the Supreme Being, but was his property, work and servant, far below him in dignity, and had not anything like the religious predominance it had in such tribes as the neighboring Blackfoot. The sun did not enter at all into the so-called "Sun Dance" of the Gros Ventres, nor into the Feathered Pipe rite. Prayers and food were offered to the sun, and the sun was invited to sweat in the sweat lodge rite along with but subordinately to the Supreme Being. Individuals would offer a finger joint or bits of their flesh to the sun on such occasions as the grave illness of a relative. While the sun "sees everything, that's why the Supreme Being put it there," the Supreme Being, not the sun, was appealed to as witness in oaths; the widespread American Indian oath formula, "The sun sees me," was not used.

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The sun and moon were, according to myth, brothers from the same mother, but were never human beings proper, though they married, the one a frog woman and the other a human female. According to one story, the sun regularly appeared in battle as a man riding a white horse who scared and helped either the Gros

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793 Horse Capture, the brother of Thick and the Assiniboine woman, Coming Day, who was still living—who had married Horse Capture and in her latter days had come to realize her duties toward the Pipe,—were ritually inaugurated as Pipe keeper and Pipe woman by Lame Bull. Then Coming Day died, as did also in 1908 Lame Bull, and Horse Capture was left alone with the Pipe. He married again and The Boy's mother, who had earlier been Pipe woman, instructed Horse Capture's second wife in her ritual duties. Horse Capture was the last ritual keeper of the Pipe. When Horse Capture died, his widow took the Pipe over. Thick wanted to bury the Pipe with Horse Capture, but was dissuaded from doing so, and agreed to keep it. Later Horse Capture's widow, who lived successively with Thick's family, the Birdtail family, and The Boy's family, willed the Pipe to The Boy, to dispose of it as he saw fit. On her death, The Boy wanted to take it over but his wife as a Catholic objected. The Boy finally got her consent on the ground that "we are both Catholics; I want to keep the Pipe as a keepsake, not to pray to as it used to be prayed to," but it was arranged that the Pipe would remain in the keeping of Thick (married to The Boy's sister) until The Boy and his wife were ready to take it.

[745] The last ritual opening of the Pipe bundle occurred in 1937 as a prayer for cure, when Joe Assiniboine's small son was affected with bad sores on his face. The rite was only partially and negligently carried out at the time. The final formal uncovering of the Pipe took place on February 6, 1946, after the return of the Gros Ventre members of the armed forces from World War II. [727] On this occasion the full rite, as far as recalled, was enacted, and the Pipe and Pipe bundle given a thorough cleaning and renovating. The bundle with the Pipe is now (1955) carefully kept at The Boy's ranch at Lodge Pole.

The elective system rather than the voluntary vow was the more common one. Under this system, where the actual keeper decided to give up and transfer the Flat Pipe, he would confidentially summon the surviving ex-keepers and ex-co-keepers (not the other wives) of both the Flat and Feathered Pipes to come secretly without a word to anybody, to meet at his lodge,

The Flat Pipe

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the door." Deer then in both hands held the sinew stretched taut horizontally over a smoldering chip and sang a song special to this rite, ending it with a recitative "Yo!" Then he lowered the sinew and repeated the song and "Yo," then lowered still more and repeated, concluding with "Yo, ho, ho, ho!" and finally put the sinew on the burning chip. As the sinew burned and buckled, the pup doubled up with cramps and died. 793 754

Another power, conferred for use by the keeper in case of disrespect committed against him, worked by "contagious" magic. [789] The keeper watched the offender closely and made sure to locate his tracks, and then took out of the pipe bundle and put on his ritual moccasins the soles of which had been rubbed during the transfer rite with the poisonous wild parsley. Then, wearing the moccasins he stepped in the offender's tracks. As soon as he did so, the offender got a fit and then his legs and feet became weak and wobbly and nobody but the keeper could cure him.

The co-keeper for the same punitive purpose in case of disrespect or molestation carried wild parsley mixed with peppermint leaves in the sack attached to her belt, but we obtained no information on the precise procedure she used.

Two punitive procedures were told The Boy by his father but without full details. These "vulgar" powers were not broadcast but were kept more or less secret within the inner circle of the Flat Pipe.

If a woman disrespected a keeper or caused him great embarrassment, he carried out a special rite over or toward her, obliged her to submit to sex intercourse with him, and afterwards carried out a concluding rite. If some young man went so far as to flirt with her, make advances and touch her, he would get ill, and she alone could doctor him back to health. If he went so far as to have sexual intercourse with her, he would probably die. [833 786]

As regards all the foregoing punitive and harming powers, it was strictly understood that the keeper and co-keeper were given them to use only to enforce respect, and that if used for other and evil purposes the users would pay dearly and would be punished in some way, through the death of their children or through other misfortune. 793

Besides these supernatural powers to command respect, other 755 ●

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783 powers, intended more for the positive advantage of the keeper or
755 his people, were customarily acquired during or after the transfer rite.

[278] In the transfer rite the new keeper was taught how to doctor, especially in cases of fits, spasms and cramps. The peppermint beverage, now used by everybody for these maladies, was formerly a monopoly of the Flat Pipe keeper in his curing practice. Other doctoring powers were also conferred on him and he could use the hair rope from the Flat Pipe bundle as a potent medicine to cure with, but we could obtain no details on these points.

[787] The keeper would pray to have good dreams and might sleep on the Pipe bed for the same purpose. His dreams, when told, were important news for his fellows, as through them the future could be foretold.

789 The keeper was also given power to summon, call or "snare"
793 from a distance, enemies or reluctant friends. The Boy gave two instances of the use of this power, both from the lips of his father, Lame Bull. When Lame Bull, on learning of his election as Flat Pipe keeper fled to the hills, the ex-keeper so summoned him, using the Flat Pipe itself in the rite. The nine Flat Pipe songs were sung and at the end of each, the ex-keeper holding the Pipe at arm's length in both hands with the stem pointed upward and outward, sang the Hair Rope song, then twisted the stem tip in a vertical near-circle first upward and outward and then inward and downward in a sort of beckoning motion as if drawing something toward him, then downward and finally lowered the bowl toward (or to?) the ground.

[726] On a later occasion during Lame Bull's keepership, on a war expedition against the Piegan he learned in a dream where they were located and was told that five of them would be killed. The night before the attack on the Piegan, using a common pipe and the above calling rite, thrice performed, with the pipe stem pointed toward the distant Piegan camp, invisible at the time to the Gros Ventre party, and singing the Hair Rope song, he "called" five of the Piegan, who, separated from the main Piegan body, were killed by the Gros Ventres.

793 The keeper and co-keeper also were given power to use in hunt-
224 ing buffalo, but we were able to obtain no details on the rite. The

793 keeper (and probably the co-keeper too) could not cut his hair, but had to wear it tangled and disheveled.

785 The keeper and co-keeper were not permitted to bathe and swim in the creeks,—this in contrast to the Gros Ventre custom of daily early morning bathing and swimming by both sexes the

784 year round when not prevented by ice, as a cleansing, body-hardening and recreative practice. In fact, the two were not allowed to wash even their hands and face with water, but, according to The Boy, had to use instead fat, grease or oil, and to wipe them with the same muskrat skin they used in face painting.

[515] The keeper could not draw blood on his own person by cutting, as was done by others in the sweat lodge rite, in mourning, and on other occasions.

793 The keeper and co-keeper were not supposed to cry or to cut their hair in case of the death of a relative, nor to go where any one lay dead, nor to have anything at all to do with a corpse. In particular they were not allowed to give clothes, at least their own, to put on a dead person. It was a breach of this last prohibition, in fact, that resulted in Lame Bull's lameness, and his subsequent sobriquet, Lame Bull, his proper name being Under Bull.*

784 The keeper and co-keeper could not gamble or be gambled with. If the keeper nevertheless did so and won, he won not only the wager, but also the life of his opponent. The latter would meet with some fatality unless the keeper agreed to avert the evil by performing the proper rite over him. The keeper would direct the man to build a sweat-lodge and would enter it with him. The man would fumigate himself and inhale the smudge. The keeper would rub the man all over from head to feet with sage.

• [755] The keeper was not allowed just to throw off his saddle or blankets onto the ground but had to take good care of them.

According to Coming Daylight, a keeper during his term of office "could not sing the songs he was supposed to sing," but we secured no clarification of this statement. The reference may be to songs previously gotten in quests for supernatural power.

In addition to the foregoing more or less restrictive or "ascetic" observances that served to set the keeper and co-keeper apart from

* Cf. Flannery, 1953, p. 201.

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825 migrating flock. When you hear the cries of the migrating geese, if you listen closely you can hear also the calls of the little birds. The big birds are very willing to carry the little ones, as the former get "holy things" and "are taught holy [powerful] ways" by the latter in payment for the ride, for the grebe is known to be a "big shot" who has extraordinary powers. The grebe in the Flat Pipe bundle is one of these little birds that are carried by the large ones on the fall and spring migration flight. In the bundle too are some feathers of the big birds. "Probably because they treat the grebe to a free ride, they bought their way into the bundle and so have a place of honor."

778 In the bundle, besides the turtle shell and grebe skin, are the dried pelts (not stuffed) of many other kinds of birds,—some of which The Boy cannot identify. These represent the birds who sang with joy at the first making of dry land after the flood. These bird pelts lie loose, not enclosed in a bag. In the olden times, Lame Bull told The Boy, the tobacco raised by the Pipe keeper was stored in these pelts for safe-keeping.

When the bundle is being wrapped, the Pipe enclosed and tied in its own case, is laid on these bird pelts as on a bed, with the turtle shell to the left of the Pipe "as you face the stem," and the grebe skin to the right. Turtle shell, grebe skin and bird pelts are all placed with the head toward the stem end of the Pipe, and are wrapped together with the Pipe in a special covering within the larger Pipe bundle proper.

The large bundle also contains a good-sized bag, rectangular and closed on three sides, in which are kept all or most of them in their own particular small cases or coverings, the following ritual articles: a muskrat skin representing the muskrat that dived unsuccessfully for earth at the flood, and used in the face-painting rite; paint and a painting stamp; supplies of peppermint and tobacco; rattles; the ritual moccasins of the keeper, co-keeper and Pipe child; a thunderstone;* the "official" shell necklace of the

[755] * In the bundle there was a thunderstone encased in its own small bundle or sack. If, for instance, a person were suffering from stomach-ache, the co-keeper would reach into the Pipe bundle, without unwrapping it, take out the thunderstone, smudge it, make motions with or bite it, spit on the

The Flat Pipe

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keeper and co-keeper; a rope made of hair from the head and legs of buffalo, either the actual snare with which He-Who-Starved-To-Death captured the evil Red Bird or a substitute therefor.

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This rectangular bag with its contents has its own prescribed place in the whole Pipe bundle, namely, to the right of the case containing the Pipe, turtle, grebe and bird skins as you look from the stem and toward the bowl end.

Finally, in the large Pipe bundle, are or were two sticks of about the length of the bundle, covered with two pieces of cloth. These are about the last outermost things set in place when the whole bundle is wrapped. The ends of the cloths in which the sticks are tied project out of the bundle as a decoration. They could be extracted from the bundle and taken along on war expeditions as a substitute for it and the Pipe, and used in a simplified ritual in place of the Pipe. The Pipe bundle itself was not taken on a war raid, as the co-keeper was the only one who was allowed to carry it, as it was rather heavy and bulky, and as there was danger it might be captured by the enemy.

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All the articles that have been listed are finally enclosed in the outermost cover of the whole Pipe bundle. This cover is nearly round when laid flat made of a whole elk skin with the legs cut off. The bundle is more or less cylindrical, cigar or blimp-shaped, about 1½ feet in diameter at the center and about 3 feet long. The bundle is secured with three ties of thong, one in the middle and one at either end, and has a thong handle on it, like the handle of a traveling bag. (See Plate 2A.)

Over the whole bundle was laid a robe of albino or "beaver" buffalo skin. When the bundle was to be untied this robe was spread out and the bundle was laid on it. The albino-buffalo tail, used by the keeper in the sweat-lodge rite, was kept outside, not inside, the bundle, so it could be easily gotten.

In modern times, from about 1870 to 1932, a human scalp was

person's stomach, and so forth, with a very simple ritual. A retiring keeper had the right to select something out of the Pipe bundle and keep it. Lame Bull, on retiring, selected a thunderstone of animal-like shape. Cf. Kroeber, 1908, pp. 275-76.

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The Feathered Pipe and Other Pipes

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in dried pounded meat, I was not allowed to eat the meat. If a coyote or wolf were killed, I was not supposed to touch it. These were the only two prohibitions I was under.

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"If anybody vowed to be painted by the keeper, I would be present at the rite next to my mother and sit there through the ceremony.

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"Whenever while I was Pipe child I got sick my father would put pine needles on me, and then he would take down the bundle and put it on my parents' bed, and would say to me: 'Put your arms around your brother [the Pipe] and pray to your brother so you may get well.' The Pipe keeper and his wife claim the Feathered Pipe as their son and tell their children that the Pipe is their brother. When I put my arms around the Pipe I was told to say to the Pipe: 'My dear brother, have pity on me, that I may get well of my illness.'

[755]

"Of course the Pipe was not human but because I was a baby when my father got it I grew up with it and thought just as much of it as of my own blood relatives. When my father transferred the Pipe to Sitting High I was outside playing. When I was coming home I saw the bundle at Sitting High's door, and when I saw it I started to cry, and when I saw my father I said to him: 'Why did you give my Pipe away?' It was just like a person leaving. I was lonesome for it, and felt just as if I had lost a relative or friend. And all through my life I have felt the same toward it. All through my life I have made it a point to be present at any Feathered Pipe ceremony. And whenever I went to any ceremony, I would bring something for it. Since I joined the Catholic Church I stopped doing this, but even now I feel: 'It's all alone. I pity it.'

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"When while I was Pipe child I had been out playing and in the evening would come home and see the Pipe bundle over the door, I would stand and look at it a long time and would say: 'Feathered Pipe, I am going into our lodge now.' Once when I was sitting on the bed in the lodge I got to thinking, and all the folks were there, and I said: 'Feathered Pipe, my dear brother, look down on me and watch over me.' I was not told to say this, and I do not know what made me say this prayer to the Feathered Pipe.

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"My father used to tell me: 'This Pipe was given by the Su-

The Feathered Pipe and Other Pipes

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According to Al Chandler, if some one were ill a near relative would vow to be painted and would go to the keeper. The sweat-lodge rite was first gone through. After this, in the keeper's lodge, the keeper would take the paint from the Pipe bundle, make a smudge as usual, sing the songs, dip his finger in the paint, and hold it up while addressing the Supreme Being and add: "This man vowed to you that he wanted to be painted with your paint so that his child might live," or similar words. Then he repeated the same thing to the Pipe. Then he painted first the vower, and afterwards he painted the men and male children present and the co-keeper, the women and female children,—the males with a curved band on the forehead near the hair line, the females with dots, one on the forehead and one on each cheek. This painting could take place any time in the year.

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According to Garter Snake, in case of dangerous or critical illness, the vower would promise to cook up lots of food and have the keeper open up the Pipe bundle and paint the vower. If the vower were a man he was painted with the sacred red paint by the keeper; if a woman, by the co-keeper. The Pipe child would sit with the co-keeper during the rite. All the men, women and children who could attend would come to the keeper's lodge and be painted. Any ex-keepers and ex-co-keepers present would not be painted by the keeper and co-keeper as they would paint themselves.

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According to Charles Buckman, it was customary to unwrap the Pipe bundle at this vowed painting rite.

Apart from this vowed rite, ritual face painting was also, as previously noted, a common feature of the Feathered Pipe dancing ceremony. In addition, according to Jim Shortman, if the Feathered Pipe keeper were told in a dream by the owl that sickness was coming to the camp, he would call all the children and infants together with the grown-ups to his lodge and would paint every individual.

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Offerings to cover the Feathered Pipe could be made by anyone, at any time of the year, winter included; more frequently with, but often without, previous vow. They were commonly made for cure in cases of illness. The original first owner of the Pipe had told the people: "If you are sick, you can make a vow to cover the Pipe, and thus get well." But covering occurred also on other

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789 song had also to be sung, apparently to the accompaniment of the drum.

755 Putting sweet pine needles on the sick person's head, blowing wild parsley on him, and smudging him as doctoring practices have been previously described. According to Singer, if some one were so sick that his life was despaired of, the keeper would take the Feathered Pipe [the bundle, probably] and lay it on him and pray over him, and the sick person would recover, and, she added, "it cured a lot of them." Doctoring power was regularly acquired by reason of acquiring the keepership.

783 The keeper and co-keeper painted their own faces every morning after breakfast, like the men, in two bands, but broader ones
302 three or four fingers wide, one on the forehead near the hair line and the other from one jaw across the chin to the other jaw.

778 The Pipe bundle was smudged by the keeper every morning and evening with sweet pine needles. During Curly Head's keepership Cora Chandler and her children were kept busy collecting dried cow dung for the daily smudging ceremony. The keeper made it a practice to "talk" or pray often to the Pipe in his lodge. According to The Boy, the keeper was fearful lest otherwise he might make ritual mistakes, at which the Pipe would be angry. According to Al Chandler, the Pipe being jealous, the keeper "had to talk to it to let it know it was not forgotten or put away; he treated it just like a person."

788 Customary observances on the occasions of feasts or ordinary meals to guests in the keeper's lodge have been previously
778 described.

When the keeper and the people were camped for any length of time in a given place, the Feathered Pipe bundle was ordinarily taken in the morning from its place of honor opposite the entrance inside the keeper's lodge, hung up outside over the entrance, and brought back inside at eventide.

[361 When the camp was to be moved, the Feathered Pipe keeper,
624] like the Flat Pipe keeper, had, it seems, a consultative voice in the decision and perhaps even veto power at times, although ordinarily the final decision was made by the head men. The decision once made, early in the morning when camp was to be broken, the Feathered Pipe bundle was hung out on its tripod back of the
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apart from emergency conditions, ritual variations from the above-described pattern occurred, perhaps in accord with varying ritual instructions received by different individuals from their respective ghost helpers.

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Before leaving the ghost helper complex and taking up the power complex, we may mention here one case, given us by Al Chandler, the only one of its kind we recorded, which shares certain elements peculiar to each. Al Chandler's adoptive father, Little Man, was keeping a rib bone of his deceased uncle, who had been "a kind of medicine man." His uncle's spirit came and asked Little Man: "Why do you do this? What are you going to do with me?" "This is just for myself," Little Man replied. "I don't want to be that kind who have spirits. If I need you I am going to call on you and I want you to help me. I am not going to make you a popular servant (not going to use the rib in general practice). But if I need you, you can come and help me."

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Little Man, Al told us, made use of that rib one time when he cured his brother-in-law, old Turn Toes, of facial paralysis (caused by ghosts: cf. *supra*, p. 23). Brothers-in-law like to tease each other. So when Turn Toes came to Little Man to be treated, the latter took the rib, rubbed it four times, and in fun twisted Turn Toes' mouth way around on the other side. At this, Little Man's wife got angry and said: "You shouldn't do that to him." Little Man said: "I just want to make sure that the next time his mouth won't go crooked on this other side." So then Little Man put his brother-in-law's mouth straight and shoved his eyes up in place. And Al added: "You can see that old man [Turn Toes] today [1940] and he is all right." [Turn Toes has since died, in 1942 or 1943].

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Whether in the above case curing power was in the rib itself or whether the ghost of Little Man's uncle came and cured on occasions of use of the rib, is not clear. If the latter, as implied in Little Man's words to his uncle, at the beginning, we have a curing differing materially from the one to be described in the following on supernatural power, and much more akin to the Woodland Algonquian concept of the guardian spirit proper,—the guardian spirit who comes on call to cure and otherwise to help the possessor,

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was just a shell. It must have been some kind of animal with a thin shell."

The concept of soul-loss as resulting from or accompanying sickness in certain cases was present. "It was held by the old people," The Boy said, "that a person's 'soul' was not inside his body or any organ thereof, but was near or around him. As a sick person got worse, his 'soul' kept getting farther and farther away. If it got too far away, he died. When a person was very sick, people would say: 'His soul is leaving (going away from) him farther and farther.'"¹ In brief, soul wandering or "soul-loss" was a preliminary to death rather than a cause of disease. We obtained no evidence that the concept of soul-stealing entered at all into Gros Ventre pathology.

TREATMENT OF ILLNESS

From the causes of disease we now pass to the treatment thereof. While some ailments and cases of illness were thought to be due to natural causes, and others to supernatural causes, the line of demarcation cannot always be sharply drawn. Likewise as regards the prevention and treatment, in some instances they were clearly looked upon by the Gros Ventres as of the purely natural or "rational" order, in others equally clearly of the supernatural order, in some few seemingly of both orders combined, in a few others of uncertain order. While the Gros Ventres quite explicitly distinguished in general theory and in certain specific cases between natural and supernatural prevention and treatment, in actual practice at times, and in many specific cases, they drew no sharp line between the two orders. In the following pages we shall take up first natural or "rational" prevention and treatment, secondly combined or doubtful types of treatment and lastly supernatural types. In general remedies and preventives fall into three more or less corresponding classes: "domestic" remedies known to and freely used by everybody; certain remedies more or less "rational," exclusively owned and used by particular non-profes-

¹ The soul was believed to "kind of leave" a person under stress of great fear. Cf. Flannery, 1953, 92.

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- 755 sional individuals; supernatural remedies used only by professional
757 medicine men or women with power.

NATURAL REMEDIES

- 751 Both preventive and curative measures of the natural or ra-
515 tional order were numerous.

The most common preventive measure was the daily early morning plunge in the stream or roll in the snow by men, a practice carried out for hardening the body as well as for cleaning it. In small epidemics scattering and isolation were regularly resorted to in order to check the spread of the disease. The use of skunk fluid as a curative was more a Cree than a Gros Ventre procedure, but there was a Gros Ventre belief that skunk fluid diluted with water and put into the eyes of a person was a preventive and cure of snow-blindness. A mother, on knowing herself pregnant again, would cease nursing her infant lest it suffer from "bad stomach and diarrhea." Drinking the blood of a freshly butchered buffalo was looked upon as a preventive of tuberculosis.

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757 Curative measures of the rational order were of many kinds. We recorded the following, but our list is far from exhaustive. All of them may best be classified as "domestic remedies," measures of common knowledge, resorted to by everybody who wished to use them, and not considered proprietary right of particular individuals.

- 757 Many herbal curatives came under this category.* The roots of
278 "sweetheart briars," so called because the burrs stuck so tightly, were used for colds, and the deeper the root the stronger was the medicine.*

An infusion of peppermint is now used as a beverage by everybody for "fits, spasms and stomach disorders," although the medicinal use of peppermint was formerly the monopoly of Flat Pipe keepers. A very strong drink was made by boiling a certain root and just a little of it drunk as a cure for difficulty in urination.

* Cf. list in Kroeber, 1908, pp. 224-27. We made no attempt in the field to get a full list of such herbal and other curatives.

[17] * The Piegan, according to Coming Daylight and Singer, used these as "blood medicine."

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757 Thomas Main's grandfather would, from time to time when not feeling well, drink a large quantity of fairly warm water, perhaps two or three quarts, before eating breakfast. He would then go outside, put his finger in his throat, and vomit. This means, instead of a physic, was resorted to as a laxative.

As soon as the first thunder of spring was heard, a person with warts would blow on them and they would come off. This was apparently looked upon as a "rational" treatment, though it was possibly of the magical order.

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755 The following cure, related by Coming Daylight and Singer, was of the natural order, but came about without intentional treatment. A young unmarried man, inseparable friend of Dressed In White, Coming Daylight's husband, had become mentally deranged. He would tear off his clothes and when they would catch him and put clothes on him he would run till he ran into the water. He would run everywhere, and would climb up the sides of lodges to the top. This condition lasted not very long before his cure in battle. Some Gros Ventres, including Dressed In White, Coming Daylight and the young man, while camped at Black Butte (now Havre, Mont.), were attacked by some Assiniboine. With all the noise and shooting, the Gros Ventre horses stampeded. Dressed In White ran with his gun toward the stampeding horses, and, as he did so, saw one of the enemy fall in their midst, try to get up, and fall again. Dressed In White shot at him three times and then his gun would not go off and in his anger at it he smashed it on the ground. At this juncture, the young man came along, and Dressed In White said to him: "Hurry and grab that enemy. He is trying to get on a horse." The young man ran over, grabbed the enemy by the hair on either side of the head, threw him to the ground, and held him there. The Assiniboine had a knife but no gun and was trying to get up, buttocks first. Another Gros Ventre, Cuts The Rope, now ran over and shot the Assiniboine, and all then hit him, counting coup on him. From that time on, the young man was quite cured of his mental derangement, or at least showed no more symptoms of it, but he was shot to death not long after by another Gros Ventre. "By getting an enemy single-handed this young man had become a big chief and could have lots of lovers."¹⁸

¹⁸ Women admired brave young men. See Flannery, 1953, pp. 190-91.

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himself and he would say: 'Hand me the pipe stem first,' or 'bowl first,' or 'sideways,' or 'lay it on the ground.' Some doctors did not require a pipe, but only tobacco, when they were asked to treat a case." 756

Lame Bull did not require a pipe, but he had to be called four times. Each time the petitioner would start from the patient's lodge, go to Lame Bull's lodge, open the flap of the door, and, without going inside, say to him: "I am calling-you to doctor." This was a procedure peculiar to Lame Bull, who at the time was not a Pipe keeper.

The doctor commonly had a helper or helpers to assist at or in the doctoring,—his wife often, or certain men and women specified by the doctor. Not infrequently these latter were relatives of his.

The rite itself was "sort of private." Only the doctor, the appointed helpers, the patient and the patient's immediate family were allowed to be present. "People would not be allowed just to drop in" during the curing rite. Two guards were (or might be) stationed outside the lodge to keep people away. Intrusion by anyone during a curing rite might render the rite futile, and lead to grave consequences as illustrated in the following cases reported by The Boy. 755 756

"A young man was about to be doctored. Just as the rite started a man came to the lodge and said to the two guards outside: 'I have the right to go inside. I want to see this great doctor.' They let him enter. As he did so, blood rushed out of the doctor's mouth, and the doctor said: 'Carry me back to my lodge as quick as possible.' When he got there he said: 'Fill up a pipe quickly and give it to me.' He then took a few puffs, fumigated his hand and 'rubbed' himself with the smoke, and got all right. The intruder had purposely come in to spoil the doctor's medicine, for he suspected that the young man patient was in love with his wife and he wanted him to die. And the young man did die." 756

In another case while a doctor was treating a patient, a band chief who was drinking heavily at the time and who had recently killed a relative of the doctor came into the lodge without leave and asked the master of the lodge for whiskey. The doctor packed

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756 up his medicines at once, went home, got his rifle, came back and shot the band chief dead on the spot.¹⁴

755 Sometimes the doctor, just before actually beginning treatment of his patient, would test out, or make a show of testing out, his power to know beforehand whether his treatment would be successful. One doctor, Sits Holy, for instance, just about to treat a wounded man in whose spine an arrowhead was lodged, said: "I'll test my power first to see if I can extract the arrowhead." The season was late fall. The doctor sang and made incense, and then a young bear stuck its paws out of the doctor's mouth and growled loud enough to be heard over the camp. Then the doctor "got" [made appear] ripe service-berries and choke-berries. Then he took a bear claw, dug in the ground right where he was sitting, and pulled out a fresh wild turnip. Then he said, "I'll be successful." And so he was; he extracted the arrowhead. In another case, a doctor, when just about to start treatment, picked up a piece of wood carved in the shape of an arrowhead, and turned it into an iron arrowhead, and so went forward confidently to begin treatment.

Commonly, perhaps always, the doctor's first act in actual curing was praying with and smoking a pipe. The doctor would hold up the pipe and pray, first, as usual, to the Supreme Being, and then to his or her particular power-bestower,—animal, rock, or whatever it was.

While curing rites were apt to be rather noisy, tense and thrilling experiences for all present, the doctor did not go into trance or lose consciousness during them.

The more common elements in the curing ritual and procedure were singing, drumming, rattling, incensing, and searching out the cause of the ailment. "The people," said Coming Daylight, "who are in there [the lodge where rite was performed] always have to sing when the medicine man doctors." The doctor would ordinarily, it seems, start the singing and drumming, and then the others present would join in or take over entirely while the doctor carried through his or her treatment.

According to The Boy, "when a medicine man started off he

¹⁴ Cf. Flannery, 1953, pp. 49-51.

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beat a rapid tattoo on the drum while he prayed, and when he started to sing he beat a much slower, even time." Little Man, Al Chandler's adoptive father, in one case at least, followed a somewhat different procedure. He hit the drum just a little, that is, lightly, while he prayed. Then he sang and beat the drum harder, and sang until those present caught on to the song. Then he gave the drum to one of the men, and the others present sang to the latter's drumming while Little Man doctored the patient. If, according to The Boy, a medicine man used a rattle, he shook it in circles anti-clockwise—in contrast to the clockwise circling of the Flat Pipe keeper and the fanning back and forth of Star dancers.

Disease-causing objects within the patient's body were ordinarily extracted by suction. The object extracted was swallowed by the doctor, burned, or otherwise disposed of or destroyed, as will be given later in describing the curing procedures of individual doctors. A pipe stem might be used, in exceptional instances at least, for sucking out the object, to judge from the offer, with this provision, of power once made to Singer in a dream.

Tobacco smoking was sometimes prescribed for the sick by a Pipe keeper when doctoring and apparently by other doctors. According to The Boy, tobacco in such use was often pure, unmixed with other plant. [276]

In curing rites, sometimes—how commonly, we could not determine—sweating in a sweat-lodge was prescribed for the patient by male doctors, in one instance to be described later, by a female doctor. Singer described an experience of her own as follows. "I was once thrown from a horse and hurt pretty badly. I was afraid I could not stand the sweating, for I could never stand heat. Sure enough, although the medicine man told me to crawl in and lie down so he could work on my back, as soon as they put the water on the stones, I got out in a hurry."

We now pass on, from more general curing practices to those of individual doctors, and may well start with an account from Coming Daylight which illustrates both sickness experience and curing ritual.

"I am going to tell about the time I almost died. We were living

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755 down about six miles from here [from Hays], where the windmill is now. There is quite a flat there along the creek. Little Man [her husband] plowed up the flat and was ready to sow the grain, and he went over to Hays [many times] to try to borrow a seeder. Finally he said: 'I have made so many trips and they are always using it. I don't think I will get the use of it. So I am going to give up. I will sow this grain by hand.' So I make a sack for him out of canvas and he put it around his neck. I said: 'I will help you.' He said: 'Well, we will hitch the team to the harrow.' He started in ahead of me throwing grain, and said: 'You may get tired, so ride on the harrow.' I said: 'No. The team might get scared and I might get tangled up. They might kill me.' So he said: 'Well, it is up to you. But we have a long way to go.'

"The ground was so soft that it was just like walking in mud. All our children were off at school, so the two of us had no help and did the sowing alone. This was about fifty years ago [about 1890]. My limbs just seem to ache me all the time. I used to crawl down to an old spring to get water for the day. I think this [the strenuous labor during that sowing] is why today my limbs ache me. For seven days I could not eat a thing, and, by this time, the harder I tried to work, the worse I got. I almost killed myself that time.

"On the fifth day I could not feel anything. It was like my flesh was dead and I could hardly move my head. My feet were along the west wall and my husband slept in the other room. When he saw I was so low, he told me: 'When your sister comes over, see if she won't get her man [her husband, Stiffarm] to doctor you. Tell him I will give him a cow for it.' So my sister came and I said to her: 'Your brother-in-law told me to tell you to get Stiffarm to doctor me and he will give him a cow for it.' But my sister said: 'Why should he doctor you when you have no faith in him.' My sister must have heard something that I had said about him. So I said to her: 'All right, you know he is not the only doctor.'

"So my husband came in after my sister left. He said: 'Did you tell her?' I said: 'I told her but she got mad. She said you had no faith in him anyway.' He said: 'Well, that is all right.' He

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thought a few minutes and then added: 'Well can you think of 755● someone you would like to doctor you?' I said: 'Yes, I would like to get Naka ninen (looking-for-an-enemy-warrior-in-war).' He said: 'All right,' and he rushed and asked that one: 'Come, as my wife has been sick for some time.' So that man and his wife came.

"Our house was large enough, so I had them move right in. Then they made a bed on the east side just across from my bed. Pretty soon they said: 'Let us move her.' They put me on the north side in the place of honor, and I said to myself: 'I believe I must be going to die, else they would not put me at the back of the lodge.' This man boiled my medicine just as soon as he could. This was the sixth day. Of course they always put your head [823] to the west when you are in the place of honor. The room was a big one and they made my bed toward the center. I could not even use my hands. They had to feed me.

"On the seventh day just about sunset. I asked to be turned over; I had been lying on my side so long. They did this for me and I faced the wall. While I lay so, a man's voice said, in a kind of scolding way: 'How could he [the doctor] have so much medicine to doctor you?' It meant he did not have enough to doctor me in the condition I was in. And all at once I answered the voice, saying: 'Why, of course, they have enough medicines. Look what a big bundle she (or he) has hanging there.' The medicine man thought I was delirious and said: 'Daughter, who are you talking to?' And I said: 'Didn't you hear that voice say he did not think you have enough medicine to doctor me?'

"Of course as soon as the sun went down it got dark. They had no lamp and had to sit in the dark. Just before they went to sleep, I told them: 'Now turn me over again.' They then went to their beds and in no time were snoring, especially my man [husband]. He always got up early and whenever he hit the bed it seemed like he was dead and he would go to snoring. I could not sleep a wink but just lay there and heard them snore. They were sleeping two rooms away from where I was.

"I could not tell what time it was but it was quite late when I saw a hand with something in it and a forearm. Then I saw a foot and at last I could see that a man had come in and was standing

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● 755 by the door. His lips were just white. His mouth was half closed on one side and it looked like he had something in his mouth. He made one step toward me and blew like they do with roots when curing, and this made me kind of flinch. He made another step and kind of worked his mouth like he was getting it [the root] all together in his mouth to blow again. He blew at me again and my feet went up. Then he took another step and all this time he was working this root around in his mouth. He blew again and it seemed like my nerves just shook all over.

"Pretty soon then he spoke and said: 'Now I brought this to you.' It was pemmican with a little tallow on top of it. It looked so good, because I had been without eating all these days. So he said: 'I will lay it here,' and he put it by my pillow. I thought he was ready to turn away and leave me, but he blew hard once more [this the fourth time] by my head, and this time he just made me rise to a sitting position.

"I started looking for this meat he had left for me. I was so hungry that I was whining, and I knew the meat was there because he had put it there and had told me he would leave it. I was just tearing my bed apart, saying: 'I know he left that pemmican.' By this time my husband had not awakened but the other man [the doctor] said: 'Daughter, do you know what you are talking about? You had your bed all torn up.' I said: 'This man came in and gave me something to eat and I cannot find it.' He told his wife: 'You should have a little piece of candle.' They lit matches and tried to help me find the pemmican. I was sure he had left the pemmican for me. So he [the doctor] said: 'I believe she is delirious. She couldn't move a hand and yet now she is up and around.' So they woke my husband and he was just frightened because he thought I was delirious.

"The third time the man had blown on me I kind of knew what he had blown at me, and the fourth time I was sure what it was. It was what they call 'white medicine' (cf. supra, p. 315). That is why that man's lips were white and I could smell when he got close that it was this 'white medicine.'

"In the morning I was just hungry. I told them: 'I am terribly hungry this morning.' My man [husband] said: 'I will go out and get a calf.' Later on he would butcher a bigger one for the

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old doctor. He went out in the hills to look for the calf but could not find it any place. He was near my cousin's and thought he would go over. My cousin's people had just butchered that same morning and they made signs to my husband: 'You are just in time. Now you can come in and eat.' But he said: 'I am in a hurry. I am looking for a calf to butcher for my wife. She is awfully hungry. She has not eaten since she was taken sick.' My cousin said: 'I will give you some [meat].' So she put liver and tripe and different things in a sack. My husband came back and threw the sack of meat on the floor and said: 'Your sister [cousin] sent this to you. They have just butchered.'

"I lost no time and rushed over to this sack of meat: I saw a piece of liver in there and took a knife and went to slice off a piece. The old medicine man said: 'Slow now. You should cook it first.' But I said: 'I just cannot. I am going to eat it this way.' I ate it raw like that with some tallow. It seemed like from then on I was just myself again.

"All I know about this person who appeared to me was that he was a man, but I did not recognize him. He was a bitā:tao (soul, spirit shadow).

"It was the medicine man's wife who did the doctoring for me in the case. She did a kind of quiet doctoring. She boiled roots and rubbed me all over with them. They called that woman Nātsiōā ('Cree woman') and she really was a Cree. They say those Cree medicines are good."

Coming Daylight gave two accounts, in 1940 and 1945, of another personal experience in being cured. The two accounts supplement each other. Here follows the 1945 account with some detailed interpolated in parentheses from the 1940 one.

"When my first little boy (by my husband, Dressed In White) died, he died, I think because my breasts were bad. Then I had a girl baby. When this girl baby was getting older and already learning to sit up, I was still nursing her of course, and my breasts went bad again, that is, the milk was bad. (They were tight and full and hard . . . the infant had diarrhea and got very weak.) I was suffering with my breasts and my husband thought he should get a doctor to do something for me. So he got a certain man, a great doctor, but one of whom the women were afraid and whom

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755 they avoided when possible, because he always had to include the woman patient's genitals in some way.

"My husband said: 'I am going to try him. I don't want to lose this little girl. I lost that other child.' So I thought to myself, 'Why do you want to call *that man*,' and I was afraid of this man because everybody was. But my husband called him, and butchered and brought in a whole buffalo, and told me: 'You can pay that man's wife with half of this buffalo. I will give that man a whole clothing outfit, down to moccasins.'

"We had the lodge all prepared for him and the place prepared for him at the back of the lodge. He sat there with his wife on his right and my husband on his left. I was opposite him. My husband filled his pipe and offered it to the doctor. The doctor smoked it and said: 'You will be glad you called me and were not afraid of me like the rest of the people are.' Even though I thought to myself, 'I am scared anyhow,' I did not say anything.

("After he smoked he started to get ready to doctor. He took off all his clothes. He was just stark naked. He went and felt the little infant. . . . So he boiled the medicine herbs in water and let them boil on the coals. He came to me and I was just scared of him, the way he looked. He felt my breasts all over. They were hard and he gave them a good going over, squeezing them and massaging them. Then he told me to take down my dress so he could see my breasts. Next he put the pail of medicine beside me and told me to drink a little of the medicine.)

"Then he told me to sit where my husband had been sitting, next to himself. I did not want to sit next to him, but he fixed himself up and knelt down a certain way and told me to kneel the same way and to do whatever he asked me to do. He got ready to doctor me and made me kneel, and then he started to sing a song. He finished the song and then told me, 'Watch close,' and told my husband too, 'Watch close.' Then he prayed to the one from whom he had gotten his doctoring power, and then said: 'I never used this way of doctoring before. This is the first time. People are always afraid of me but you (addressing my husband) must watch close and see all that I do.' After that he sang, and told me. 'Spit twice on each of your hands,' and he did the same to each of his

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own hands. (He put his hands to the ground, palms down, then put his palms to his own breasts and shook them up and down. He repeated this action three times, making four times in all. After the fourth time, his own breasts were big like a woman's.) 755●

"Then just that quick,—and you won't believe it but it is true,—although he was a man and it seemed funny to me then, his own breasts started spurting milk which just poured down, and mine did, too, though he did not lay a hand on me [at this juncture]. He let this go on for a long time, and then told me: 'You want to watch to see all the bad milk is gone. Right now it is pure flour water and when all that bad stuff is gone it is going to be a bluish color.' And sure enough I then watched it and it began to get a bluish color and kept on gradually until it got completely good. Finally the nipples were just dripping a little with blue milk, and he told me: 'Raise your breasts from underneath with your hands.' His breasts now became flat and normal, and I was cured. After that I had all the rest of my children and my milk was never bad. I always nursed my own children.

"He told me: 'You should be thankful that you were not afraid of me because I made your little girl live.' I told him: 'I was afraid.' The reason the women were afraid of him was because he used to lance glands down in the loin and would run his hand down in the vagina. I told him why I was afraid: 'They say that when you lance, your finger will all of a sudden slip down there.'

"After he got through doctoring me, he doctored my baby, every joint of the little girl. He then told me: 'The girl was already full of that stuff, but I have drawn it all out.'

("This old medicine man was a grandfather to Crow Bull, so he was my grandfather too. My husband used to tell me: 'Always treat that man good and feed him, because he cured our little girl.' Long after the cure, when he used to come to visit, I would tell him how wonderful it was that he had been able to effect the cure. He used to tell me: 'If you want that power, you can come crying to me.' And I used to answer: 'Oh, I wouldn't do that because you are one of those who like to have women [for sexual purposes] and you would try to have me.'")

Four other cures recalled and described by Coming Daylight

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755 were those of her husband, her daughter, and her grandfather, and her maternal uncle, Crow Bull, respectively.

"My husband, Little Man, did not believe in Indian doctors. He had never been sick, but once somebody put [bad] medicine on him. There was a bad man among the Indians at that time. . . . My husband knew and everybody knew that this bad man had done this to him. My husband had a pain all the time right near his heart and sometimes he could not move on account of this pain. Occasionally, too, he had a hemorrhage. He used to be in such pain through this thing that he knew it was some work of a medicine man. So he had a dream and in it he was told that he [187] should go out on the hills and swing round and round on a pole, as they do (cf. *infra*, pp. 393-394), and that he would then get well.

"I called a woman doctor named Goes Back. I got a nice horse and hitched it at this woman's place as payment. This woman doctor said: 'I am just going to doctor you [Little Man] once.' Other doctors had been trying to cure Little Man but they could not succeed because the one who had put the medicine on him was extremely powerful. Goes Back talked to the one who had given her her power and said: 'You told me that I could use this medicine work just once, and that then I would get a particular person well.' This is what had been promised to this woman.

"So she said: 'I will ask for a sweat-lodge, like a man.' Only medicine men used to ask for a sweat-lodge. She said: 'I am going to doctor in this sweat-lodge.' Several people went into the sweat-lodge. I attended to the opening and shutting [of the door thereof]. There were only certain rocks that they used and these were heated until red. Someone else attended to this. The patient was inside the sweat-lodge and the medicine woman invited some others to go in there. Except for the medicine woman, only men went in. I sat beside the door, but on the outside.

"They sang, and I heard the woman praying: 'My nephew has suffered a long time. Please listen to me. You promised that I would get some one person well by doctoring just once, and I want this to be that one time.' When she got through doctoring, that is, sucking, she said: 'Lift up the curtain.' So I lifted it up and opened the sweat-lodge, and one of the men there said: 'I too never be-

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lieved things. I am going outside to see for myself.' He asked the old woman doctor for the thing she had drawn out of the patient. 755

"So she gave it to him in his palm. It was just a little round thing. He took it, fingering it and smoothing it out. It turned out to be a little piece of white rag. It had been all balled up. On that little piece of white rag were seven marks, like needle-pointed writing, and at the end right in that rag was a piece of blood clot. The man saw this and said: 'Now I have seen something for myself with my own eyes.'

"They handed this around so that everybody could see it. Then they handed it back to the medicine woman. She said to this rag: 'I don't want you to ever come back again. You go out to where you belong.' So she wrinkled it up again and threw it in the flaming hot fire. As soon as she did that it burned up quickly.

"As soon as she had drawn it out of Little Man he felt much better. He got well because he knew that this thing was out of his system, and he quit having hemorrhages.

"In the beginning she had told what this man had put medicine on him for. This man thought that Little Man was going after his woman [the man's wife] or going with her. Little Man's sickness was not a natural one. This man had put medicine on him. Little Man had to go through with his promise [of self torture on the hill] because he got well."

"I was awfully curious when I was a child. Whenever I saw a gathering of people, I always ran to see what was happening. Crow Bull [her uncle] had been wounded in a battle. His scalp had been grazed by a bullet. They sent for a doctor whose name was Drops In The Fire. My mother and grandmother and my uncle with his wives were sitting on the west side in the lodge. The four men singers were on the opposite side. Crow Bull, to be doctored, was at the place opposite the door, with the doctor there too. 752 755

"The doctor started to sing and then he gave two drums there to the singers. He said: 'You all look at me. You all look at me. You all look at me good.' Then he said: 'Give me a gun. This thing [the gun] is the main thing. Look at it. If I don't make this work, he

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752 [Crow Bull] is going to leave you [to die], and if it works as I want
 755 it to work he is going to get well.' There is a wild rhubarb which
 is called 'gun' and when a person is going to eat it he runs his
 thumb up the stalk to eat the inside of the rhubarb stalk. The doctor
 said: 'Now you see this gun [the real gun].' And he ran his
 thumb up the barrel, and it made a sound like that made when a
 person opens a wild rhubarb stalk. And it looked as if the real
 gun was laid apart. They all looked at it. And the doctor said:
 'We are going to have good luck.' Then they all cheered like they
 were thanking him. Then he ran his hand along the gun [barrel]
 and when they looked again the gun was just as good as ever.
 Then he laid the gun up. I used to think he was a wonderful man
 because I saw him do this with a real gun.

"After this, the doctor took the bandage off Crow Bull and
 started doctoring him. He took a snake-skin which was just flat
 and wrapped it around the wound. All this time he was talking
 and praying. All this time he held the tail and head of the snake-
 skin together at the back of Crow Bull's head. He would kind of
 move his hand, quivering it at the back of Crow Bull's head where
 he was holding the two ends of the snake-skin together. The bullet
 had lodged there. The head of the snake was inside [nearest the
 scalp] and the tail was laid over it. He just quivered his hand
 about four times and at the same time told the singers: 'Not yet.
 Keep singing.' He was trying to work the bullet out. Finally he
 grasped the snake-skin by the middle and shook it, and the bullet
 dropped out. That is why I thought he was wonderful. That is
 one experience I had.

"They had a horse tied outside to give to the doctor, and of
 course they had a big feed. When they got through eating, all the
 women folks came and kissed the medicine man. My grandmother
 said to me: 'What are you sitting there for, not paying any atten-
 tion?' I said: 'Oh, grandmother, I am scared of him.'

755 "In later years, too, at various gatherings when I was visiting
 with the women folks I would say to that medicine man's daughter:
 'My, I used to be afraid of your father. He was so powerful.' And
 then that woman would jump at me for a joke."

"There is always," Coming Daylight added, "a way for those

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powerful men to die. That particular man Drops In The Fire, however, always claimed to be bullet proof." 755

When, on one occasion, one of Coming Daylight's daughters was very ill, the wife of Buffalo Run finally cured the girl. "I called in Stiffarm," Coming Daylight said, "who demanded a large amount of things for payment, because he said the girl had this stomach disease [cancer?]. He wanted my husband, Little Man, to make him a lodge and he would doctor the girl. But I said: 'No. My daughter hasn't got that disease. I don't want you to make that lodge.' Then we got another medicine man, whose daughter had died at the Mission. Finally I said: 'I am going to take my daughter to someone who can cure her.'"

"So I told my husband to load food and wood. I took my daughter down below Stiffarm's place, to where Buffalo Run (or Chase) used to live with his wife. There was the woman who was the medicine woman. When I got there, she said to me, just teasing: 'Where is this mean woman going?' I handed her the pipe and told her to smoke it, and she took it, which meant she would do what I was asking her to do. I said to her: 'I want you to get my daughter well.' And I gave her the grub to eat and some wood. She said to me, just teasing like: 'So you had to come to me, this mean woman!' Then she said: 'If you do what I tell you to do, I will get your daughter well. You are to leave her here with me and I will give her medicine every day and tend to her (that is, put medicine all over her, make her drink it, and draw the thing out).' So I and my husband left my daughter there and we went home alone. Every now and then I took grub and wood to the medicine woman. Sure enough, not long after that my daughter got well. Soon after that she married, and she is alive and well today." Good Singer, Coming Daylight's mother's sister, had an ancestral helper¹⁴ and was also a practicing doctor. We recorded her doctoring song, as sung by The Boy, song number 28, and by Coming Daylight, song number 122. 757
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A cure by Good Singer was described by Singer. "Once the man I was living with was very ill, almost dead. One of his wives— he had several besides myself,—called in this medicine woman, 755
[595]

Good Singer.

¹⁴Cf. Flannery, 1944, pp. 55-56.

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755 Good Singer. The one that called her in made a smudge, with fire of buffalo chips on which some kind of medicine—sweet pine, or sweet grass,—was sprinkled. Good Singer then smudged herself, putting the smoke up to her face four times and then rubbing it on her breast. Then she sang her song [Singer here sang it], the burden of which was: 'My pipe is lying here!' Then she was ready to doctor.

"She hit herself on the chest, and a bead came out of her mouth. She put the bead on the top of her foot and extracted it from the sole thereof. She next smudged the head four times by putting it to her mouth, and then laid the head down.

"Next she went to the patient and worked on him, sucked at the spot where his pain was, and after showing the people what she extracted from him swallowed it, and named the one who had caused his sickness. Then she swallowed her own medicine [the bead] and smudged at her mouth four times. They gave her a lot of things for doing that,—horses and blankets and such things."

Singer also gave details on two other cures, one by White Weasel, the other by Bad Bad Bull.

[582] "Once I hooked up the wagon and went for wood. We were living at the time down the Milk River Valley. While getting the wood, all of a sudden I was struck with a sharp pain in the back of my neck. It was like a sharp pinch. I went back with my load of wood. I was married at the time to an Assiniboiné named Axe Handle. I told him: 'The Assiniboines have shot me [with medicine].' He told me: 'No, I guess you haven't had that happen to you.'

"This was a little before the Fourth of July and I went to the celebration suffering with that pain in the neck. After that they began to call all kinds of Indian doctors for me—Stiffarm, Bill Jones, Ragged Robe. Each pulled out something, a piece of skin or something. And they had to give a lot of things away to each doctor. But none of them did me any good.

"We were living close to a friend who told me: 'The only one who can cure you is my brother [White Weasel, a Gros Ventre].' So I called him and they gave him a lot of things,—about seven

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big things, including horses. He is the one who cured me. He pulled out a little animal from himself. That was his medicine. He showed it to the people present and its tail just shook. Then he doctored me by sucking on my cheek and on the nape of my neck. He extracted from me a fingernail. It was just all green, it had been in there so long. I had not called White Weasel until the fall. . . .

"White Weasel said that it was not a spirit that had shot me but that it had been done by somebody living although he did not mention the person's name. I never knew who did it."

"There was a man," Singer said on another occasion, "who had power to cure this stomach-eating sickness. His name was Bad Bad Bull. In his lodge he had little willow back-rests with fringes along each side, and on each piece of fringe he had these little animals that cause this sickness. When anyone was in that lodge and would, for instance, be helping his wife to find something and would come across one of these little animals and would draw away frightened. Bad Bad Bull would say: 'What are you scared of? They won't do anything to you.'"

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"Bad Bad Bull's nephew's wife had this stomach-eating sickness. It was making her poorly and she was sick all the time. The old fellow said: 'Oh I will pity my nephew. If his wife dies and he has to go out and cry. I guess I will pity him and doctor his wife.'"

"So they fixed the lodge in readiness for the doctoring. Iron Bucket, my husband, was present there for the doctoring. They all sat around, and Bad Bad Bull told them to sing and said: 'When you get through singing I will pick away all the stuff that the animal has eaten. And then I am going to suck this thing out. I want you to catch hold of my back locks of hair and hold my head up.'"

"He had them heat two rocks and these rocks were still in the fire while he was doctoring. So they watched him when he was throwing that bad stuff out. When he had his mouth ready to suck, they pulled his head up, and he had that animal in his mouth. So, as they always do, they all looked at it. When Iron Bucket saw it, it was round and most of it was mouth. After they had all seen it, Bad Bad Bull had them pull the two red-hot rocks out of the fire, and he put the animal on them and burned it up. The woman

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755 got well. She came out of her sickness and lived a long time. Bad Bull's animals used to be of all different colors,—green, yellow and black, the black ones were not quite so bad."

Lame Bull, The Boy's father, who got doctoring power when keeper of the Flat Pipe, used a thunder-rock and peppermint in his curing, and a song, number 29 as sung by The Boy and recorded by us. The words of the song may be freely translated, "there is nothing impossible," or "I wonder if there is anything impossible."¹⁸

We recorded also the wordless doctoring song number 30 sung by The Boy, but obtained no data on the rest of his ritual, apart from his preliminary test (cf. *supra*, p. 332), except that he spat out the paint with which he painted his body and that on one occasion he dug out an arrow lodged in the spine of a wounded man.

Stiffarm's doctoring song, number 32, was recorded as sung by The Boy. "Stiffarm had a weasel skin to live by," as The Boy put it, "and to do his doctoring with." As expressed by The Boy on another occasion. "He had as his helper a big weasel, the larger of the two weasels. The weasel would do Stiffarm's doctoring for him. It would take out tapeworms."

Thomas Main was told the following incident about Stiffarm (d. ca. 1934) by Brocky, another Gros Ventre. "Stiffarm was doctoring a sick woman. He had a weasel skin. This he placed on the ground and covered with a black handkerchief. Then he took away the handkerchief and there was a live weasel. The weasel ran to the woman, bored its way half way into the woman's stomach, and came out with half of its body bloody and with something in its mouth. This object was taken by Stiffarm and shown to all present as the cause of the illness, and was then thrown into the fire outside the lodge. Then the weasel was covered with the handkerchief, the handkerchief was next taken away, and there was only the weasel skin."

Coming Daylight, who distrusted a particular medicine man, related the following instance of his curing. "After my husband

¹⁸ On doctoring powers of keepers of the sacred Pipes, cf. p. 62. The Flat Pipe keeper could use the hair rope in the bundle as a powerful doctoring medicine.

'Little Man,' had been bewitched and cured, he fell sick again. A man was called in to doctor him. He did his medicine work and drew out a small rattlesnake with shining eyes from Little Man's forehead. Meanwhile I had built a fire. I asked the man to let me look at that snake and he told me: 'When you have finished, hand it back to me.' But I threw it in the fire. He did not say anything but gathered up his medicines, jammed them in his bag, and went out. He took the mare given in payment and gave it away at once to another person. . . . Little Man did not know what to make of my action. I told him: 'I burned up his old rotten medicine.'

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"I know I could not escape death [some time] so I was not afraid of him (the man). Some others would be scared of a medicine man like him, but not I. He did not put medicine on me. He was my neighbor, however, and after that he avoided me like he was ashamed. . . . Little Man really had kidney trouble and that man fooled around his head!"

"Stiffarm," Coming Daylight also said, "had some power concerning children, for he wore a bracelet from which hung little dolls, one on each side thereof. . . . My husband, Little Man, used to make fun of Stiffarm for wearing this bracelet, but he would never tease him outright [in his presence]. After Stiffarm would leave, Little Man would say: 'What is that crazy thing doing with such a bracelet?'"

[778]

Bull Lodge, Garter Snake's father, a great medicine man, who died about 1886, had gotten power to cure various ailments. From Garter Snake were obtained some details, many of them confirmed independently by The Boy, of the ritual procedures used by Bull Lodge. His chief operating instrument was a woodpecker feather.

"Now I will tell how my father doctored," Garter Snake volunteered. "On one occasion his granddaughter was ill and called him. His wife and I went along with him. On our arrival this granddaughter said: 'Grandfather, I would make coffee for you but I haven't any sugar.' But he got mad and said: 'Everytime you ask me here you ask me to make sugar. I am tired of this. If you had the power I have, would you like to be making it all the time?' Well, instead of quitting asking, she took a pack (?) and threw it to him and said: 'make that sugar.' So he went through

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755 the performance, and they had sweet coffee. And after we ate and
[789] smoked, we went back home.

"Sometime during that night the woman [Bull Lodge's granddaughter] had an attack of some kind of sickness and blood just poured out from underneath. Her sister ran [to our lodge] and said [to Bull Lodge]: 'Grandfather, your granddaughter is having an awful hemorrhage. If you think a lot of your children I pray that you will come, and if you love Garter Snake, your daughter, I pray in her name that you come.' And the old man said: 'All right. I am coming. Run home and get her ready. I will be there. I will do what I can.'

"So I and my mother and father went, and one of the boys, Curly Head, went along too. And of course the sick woman's children were in there [her lodge].

"The old man got there and felt around and said: 'Oh there is a big lump in there that busted your blood. Instead of cutting you open I am going to work it the other way. I will give you the medicine I use to help a woman in labor. I will work it off that way. I don't know what it is but it is a big lump.' So he told his wife: 'Take that frying pan, heat water quick.' So she did. He put three or four kinds of medicine in this water and told her: 'Boil it quick.' Of course it didn't take long, and he said: 'Take two cups [of the infusion] and put it in there and cool it quick, so she can drink it.'

"They did this, and after the medicine was cool enough, the patient's husband raised her up so she could drink this medicine. She took it, and Bull Lodge said: 'All right. Just hold her up like that.' Bull Lodge took the black handkerchief [another ritual object he used in curing] and balled it up, prayed and sang, and put it right on top of the patient's head and shook it back and forth quick, and when he did that, she said: 'Grandfather, something dropped.'

"When she said that, he lifted her to another place, and here [where she had been] was what looked like a rock, as big as a man's fist and it was blue. What it was I do not know, but that it was what this woman had in her and it must have busted that blood. The blood was just running all over. The blood was still coming, and Bull Lodge said: 'Well, I will have to heal that

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wound inside.' So he told Curly Head: 'Run to the creek and take 755 ● a cup with you, and when you dip it in the water, dip it upstream.' So Curly Head did that and brought the water and said: 'Here is your water.' Bull Lodge put some medicine in it, stirred it up, and said to the patient: 'Drink this. This is going to heal that wound inside and is going to make blood. You lost too much blood.' So she drank that, the whole cupful, and when she got through drinking it the blood quit flowing.

"After Bull Lodge cured her, of course they took that thing that came out of her and built a great fire outside of buffalo chips. He said: 'Make a big fire and put it [the rock-like lump from the patient] in and see what is going to happen.' So they put it in the fire, and it rolled out. They would throw it in again, and it would roll out, the other way. It was a long time before they could stop it [from rolling out], but finally they got it to stay in the fire, and it broke open and was just like a shell. It must have been some kind of an animal with a thin shell. I did not see this fire myself but that is what they told me. This woman whom Bull Lodge doctored lived to be an old, old woman.

"Now I will tell of Bull Lodge's first experience of operating with a feather. The sick woman was named Wind Woman, and she had trouble with her stomach, as if something were traveling around in there, and she was awfully sick. Her man went and gave a pipe to Bull Lodge to come and doctor this woman. She was just skin and bones and ready to give up the ghost. So Bull Lodge said: 'I will operate on her. I will have to cut her open and in that case I have to have seven men singers and six women to sing.' The men sat on one side of the lodge and the women on the other. The sick woman was the niece of old Bull Lodge and therefore he was her father-in-law in the Indian way. They all got in there seated and she said: 'Father-in-law, I am about to die anyway, so don't be ashamed to doctor me. If you doctor me I know you will cure me and I want to live.' Bull Lodge said: 'All right. I will do what I can.'

"So this woman of course was stripped from her waist up and when she was lying on her back they could see this thing beating like in her abdomen. Bull Lodge called: 'Son, Otter Robe, come

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755 and give me charcoal.' And after Otter Robe had given him just a little piece of charcoal, he said: 'Son, put your hand on where the most pain is.' Otter Robe said: 'I don't know anything about it.' But anyway Otter Robe put his hand there and you could see his hand jumping, and right from there downward Bull Lodge made a mark with the charcoal.

"Then Bull Lodge took his woodpecker feather and prayed and talked and passed it sideways from each corner of his mouth twice, four times in all. I (Garter Snake) was looking to see what he was going to do. I was curious to know all about it. So he smudged the feather, spat on it, and at the upper end of the charcoal mark wiggled it as if working it in, and after he got it half way in he started to cut right along that charcoal line he had made, and at the lower end of the line he took the feather out and the skin opened up. Bull Lodge smudged his hand and he put his hand in that cut, and he pulled something out and put it on the ground. It was as big as a fist and green on one side and white on the other. It was a wano:wa, a kind of bug that grows in a person, or a stone. So Bull Lodge said: 'Well, light that pipe,' and he put the handkerchief over that cut. So Otter Robe took the pipe and brought it around and gave it to his father and the old man lit it. After he lit it he smoked and blew that smoke on the handkerchief, and the fourth time he took away the handkerchief and the cut was gone,—there was nothing but a little scar. And the woman got well and lived to be an old woman."

Charles Buckman who was interpreting for us with Garter Snake added that his uncle had been operated on by Bull Lodge who ran his feather along a y-shaped mark down on the uncle's body and took out the cause of the illness. When the cut healed, it was just like a scar. The Boy, who in boyhood, knew Bull Lodge well, likewise stated that, after such a cut was made by Bull Lodge with his woodpecker feather in curing, the wound would heal up without any sewing and leave only the trace of a scar.

Al Chandler gave us considerable information on the curing powers used by his adopted father, Little Man, who had received curing powers from a bear, an old man, and a coyote respectively

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A good many details on the objects and procedures used by Little Man and on his manner of painting himself when doctoring have already been given (*supra*, pp. 285-291, *passim*) in the description of Little Man's several experiences when acquiring doctor power. We here add descriptions of four specific cases of cure as given by Al Chandler from his own memory and personal observation. These were crucial cases of which he had the power to cure seven, but he only used it four times, as follows.

"Little Man said that long ago when he first started out in medicine work there was a woman who was already given up for dead. My aunt, who was a very good friend of this dying woman and was good-hearted and helped people whenever she could, told her husband, Little Man: 'Don't you pity that woman who has been so good to us? She will die if you don't do something. She has little children and you know how little children are pitiful when they have no mother or father. Won't you help?' He said: 'All right. I will do it.'

"So they went over there and he took his medicine bag. He looked at the sick woman and she was still breathing but was pretty close to the edge. He told her folks who were all sitting around ready to see her go any time: 'I pity this woman. I am going to try my medicine the first time. I guess you heard about my story. Now I am going to try it. All get out of the way, sit back. Just four men and three women stay in here. The men sit on the left coming in and the women on the right.' So he fixed up like he was shown (by coyote) and started in. He kind of felt this woman to see how far gone she was and told them: 'Well, I am going to doctor her three times today, and the third time we will know for sure whether I fail or whether I succeed.' He hit the drum just lightly while he prayed. Then he sang and beat the drum harder. He sang the song until the men got on to it. Then he gave one of them the drum and the others sang to his drumming while Little Man was doctoring the woman.

"He had a powdered root and chewed it and blew it on the patient like they do for one who is this far gone, that is, they blow it here and there over the body because being so far gone they couldn't tell where the sickness was. He went through that. He

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755 was going to doctor at intervals twice more that night. At the third doctoring when it was just coming daylight he would know whether she would live or not. That was a long time to allow until the third doctoring because that woman could have easily died before then. He didn't rush or get excited but did according to what he had been told when out crying and praying. So the third time he doctored her, the woman started to fuss and look around at everybody. Her folks were glad because it looked like she was coming out of it. They started to talk and tell stories. He told them: 'She is going to be all right. In the morning if she wants to eat, feed her, give her anything she wants. She will be hungry.' He had boiled medicine for her and asked: 'Can you sit up and drink this?' She sat up and drank it and he said: 'She is going to be all right. She will be thirsty after this. In the morning give her all she wants to drink.'

"So Little Man and his wife went home, and close to noon, say about ten o'clock, they went back to the patient and he said: 'I am going to doctor her four more times. I have to do it seven times in all. You don't have to do anything else. If these other medicine men want to give her something to drink, it is all right. It will help her that much more to take medicine, whatever they give her.' So he doctored her again and said: 'This afternoon I will come and that will be the fifth time.' He came and did the same thing as before. In the evening just before sundown he did it again and that was the sixth time. He told them he wouldn't be back until midnight for the seventh and last time.

"These folks asked him if they needed him could they call him in the meantime. He said: 'I don't know. I don't think you need worry about that. After I have done it seven times I am through. Just let her do what she pleases. Leave it to her. She is all right. She is cured.' And sure enough, in a few days she was up and around.

"The second case of critical illness he cured was Al Plumage, then a boy. He is the son of Paul Plumage. He had t.b. of the stomach and was just black and had a big bloated belly.

"Paul, the boy's father, had come to get Little Man and didn't like it when the latter said: 'You people don't think of me until

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somebody is about dead. When the others fail you think about me instead of calling me earlier.' So Paul told him: 'Well, it is your son who sent me over here and I sure appreciate it because he sent me here. I believe you could do something. I cannot get those others any more. They have all given up. I should have come long ago, but I didn't know. Most of those others are supposed to be our relatives.' So Little Man went down there and cured this boy just the same as he had cured the woman, telling them the number of times they should expect to hear news and so on.

"Little Man didn't go around and brag and say he could have cured this or that. He had told the story of his power and if any wanted to call on him it was up to them. He was young when he got his power and old when he died. He only used this power four times. The other two cures he made with this medicine were Cora's mother and my son Jimmy, who was Little Man's pet.

"The mother of my wife, Cora, had pneumonia. They had already covered her up but I went to see the old woman and sized up her situation. I saw that she was still breathing and I said I was going to call my father. I told him just how things were. Little Man had just got back from some place and had his wagon still loaded. I didn't have a pipe, but my father would do anything for me, pipe or no pipe. I said to him: "My mother-in-law is just about a goner. Can you do anything for her?" So he told me to get the horses and I went over home and pretty soon he came along. They just stopped by the house and didn't unhook the team but went in to see how the old woman was. He came back out and got his medicine bag and told these folks just how he was going to doctor. The third time he doctored her she wanted to eat. They were kind of scared because no matter how sick a person is he or she always has one time they want to eat before dying. Little Man said, 'Let her eat if she wants to eat. It won't hurt her. She will be well.' So they did. She got well and lived a long time after that.

"Jimmy was the fourth one cured. At first he had summer complaint. Neither the agency doctors nor Indian doctors could do a thing for him. The only thing Jimmy lived on was soda crackers and Little Man was away. I waited and waited for him to get back and as soon as I knew he was back, I went to him

• 755 and told him to come. They hooked up the team and brought bedding with them. Jimmy was just skin and bones and was getting black. He was only about two and Cora had another little baby at that time. They had given him up for sure.

"This is a sample of the way Little Man would do. He doctored Jimmy just a little at first. There was nobody there to sing then. Little Man said: 'Up there where I live there are some plants we call shoestrings in the brush.' I said in excitement: 'Yes.' So he said: 'You go up there and pick a good handful.' I rushed up there like a fool and looked around for what 'shoestring' was. Little Man's brother came along just then in a wagon and asked: 'What are you looking for?' I said: 'Shoestrings, but I don't know what they are!' He laughed and said: 'You big fool. You are stepping all over them.' So I got busy and then rushed back over there. In the meantime Little Man had picked seven purple flowers, —just the flower part.

"So when I got there, he said to put on water in a big dishpan to warm it, not to boil it. When the water got warm he broke the flowers and the shoestrings up in it and stirred and stirred the water. Then he got his wife to hold Jimmy standing in that water and bathed him all over from head to foot, especially his stomach, but didn't give him any to drink. Then he said: 'That is all. Put him in bed and cover him up.' And he told Cora: 'Watch what he passes and let me know.' So she looked every little while. Finally he passed and Cora told me so I told the old man who came and looked himself. They beheld a wonderful sight to see. They saw these shoestrings were whole, just like I had picked them, and they were covered with excrement. Now you might be able to understand it if he had given the child these things to drink. But he didn't and besides they had been all broken up in the water and not whole like that. After that Jimmy wanted to eat. He ate from then on and began to pick up.

"The next time Jimmy got sick he had typhoid. We had all been invited to Lewiston to a Fair. We went over there to make a little money and Little Man wasn't around when Jimmy got sick. Jimmy was pretty sick and said he was hungry for plums. I didn't know where to get any and Jimmy got mad and said: 'Flea (an old man) brought me some.' But I said: 'Flea went to town.

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He borrowed a saddle from us and he isn't here.' Mrs. Stevens had a store at Old Hays and they had come over and she said she had plums canned. So she went right home to get them for him. It didn't take long in an auto and she brought a jar of them. He certainly enjoyed them. 755

"So Little Man got back and I came after him and told him that Jimmy was sick again. He came over and looked at him and doctored a little bit like he does at first. He doctored him twice that same day and the next morning was when he used that bear claw. He told Jimmy: 'Tell me wherever it hurts and I will work on it.' Jimmy said: 'Here on my right side.' The old man said: 'That's a bad place. I don't like to suck there because it might hurt your guts. But I will do something else. I will use this bear claw now.' So he asked the boy, showing him the bear claw, 'Do you think you can stand this?' Jimmy said he could and Little Man said: 'Well make sure you can stand it.' He told the old lady to hold Jimmy's hands down and me to hold his feet down. But first he told me to get hot coals and just put a little of the sweet pine on the coals and smudge the end of the bear claw. He took some paint and painted himself like the bear had showed him that time when he was out crying. So after he did that, I held Jimmy and the old man sang first himself. He sang that song four times and then got busy. He put the claw right where it should be, and you could just see the claw going in. The boy wriggled and made faces. The claw went right in at the side and he jerked it out and you could hear something drop. I saw where it dropped and said: 'Where did it fall?' Little Man told me: 'Pick it up. Let us see it.' I took it and gave it to him. He worked it around in his palm. It was a whole cherry seed and Jimmy's gut, kind of rotten, was stuck on it and that is what was blocking his gut. Right after that he was well.

"The claw was a big one but it didn't even make a scar because I looked to see if there was any blood coming out. As soon as he jerked the claw out, he rubbed his hand just a little bit over the place and that is all there was to it."

Al Chandler also gave a short account of his own treatment as a boy by Black Bird.

"I was four years old when my mother died and I knew in what direction they had taken the corpse. The next morning I went over [764]

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[764] there and saw two fresh graves. They dig a hole about three or four feet deep and put sticks across, cover that with canvas and cover the canvas with dirt. I laid down on one of the graves and that is where they found me. When I did not come back my father started looking for me. I was just like dead and they got an old medicine man to work on me, for at that time my adopted father, Little Man, had not yet gotten doctoring power.

"When I woke up, my father, my stepfather (the man married to my real mother), a woman and the old doctor, Black Bird, were there in this big lodge. I did not know what had happened to me but when I woke up I saw old Black Bird sitting by me. He had a china saucer with medicine in it and with four little brass bells [sic] in the medicine. He told me to drink up the medicine. I took the medicine but tried to balk at the bells. But the old man said: 'No, no drink the bells and all. The bells will be your protection. You will never get sick and ghosts will no longer be able to harm you. You could go to sleep with them and sit up with them [without harm to you from them].'"

In a long narrative of a battle between the Gros Ventres and the Crow, The Boy described, very briefly, the manner in which one of the Gros Ventres was cured. After the fighting was over this man was found unconscious, bleeding from a wound in the arm. One of the Gros Ventres knew how to staunch the flow of blood. He had an otter-skin with medicine tied on the nose thereof. With this he treated the wounded man's arm. The flow of blood stopped at once and the man regained consciousness. A travois was made and they had the man's relatives haul him back to the main camp on it.

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[795] A number of other individuals with doctoring power were mentioned by name at various times by our informants—Sleeping Bear, He Steals, Bill Jones, Ragged Robe (d. about 1935), Otter Robe, Joe Assiniboine—but we obtained no information on their curing procedures. We knew Joe Assiniboine, who alone of the surviving Gros Ventres refused to the last to become a Catholic and who died only recently in 1942 or 1943, but unfortunately, though not patently unfriendly to us, was consistently reluctant to give information.

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756 formation, however, on the causes to which doctors attributed failure to cure.

Some doctors were believed by some at least of the people to resort to deliberate deceit and trickery. Al Chandler remarked that "so many times doctors fake and try to get everything a person owns." An implication to this effect is also contained in his account of the acquisition of doctoring power by his adoptive father, Little Man, and in his direct statement regarding him: "Little Man was honest. He never faked and everybody like him. If he couldn't cure, he wouldn't want anything. He would wait before he took what a person paid because he wanted to see if the patient was really well." Faking by medicine men to get something from a person, he stated, was looked upon as a crime.

Coming Daylight gave a detailed account of her catching one medicine man, in the act of deception.

755 "At one time a Gros Ventre man named Strong Man was married to a Piegan woman. She was suffering with something in her stomach. It is something that moves in the stomach and causes great suffering. The English name for it, I think, is cancer, but it might be something else. So Strong Man sent someone to call a particular medicine man who, instead of coming right away, said: 'Wait until tomorrow. In the meantime make a lodge and make it well and clean with nothing dirty in it, and have everything ready you intend to give me.'

"I could see this medicine man's house from where I lived. My corral was some distance away around a bend. During the day I saw this man and his wife walking together straight ahead without looking back. When I saw them do so the third time I began to think they were up to something. So I waited and watched, and when they went the fourth time and had gotten as far as my corral, I ran over to their house.

"Sure enough by their bed was a bowl, covered. I ran over and uncovered it. The bag from the end of the guts was in water in this bowl and I said to myself: 'Sure enough. That is just what I thought. He is up to something. He is preparing this 'cancer' or whatever it is that he is going to pull out of that sick woman.' So I ran back quickly to my own house, and when that man and

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his wife returned home they did not know I had been at their house. 755 ●

"My husband, Little Man, was out hunting horses. When he came back I told him: 'This crazy thing has already prepared what he is going to pull out.' I told him of my visit to the house and of that thing that was in the bowl. That medicine man had told me and my husband to come with him and his wife when he would go to doctor the woman, so we could get something [as payment]. So I told my husband: 'You are going to see that the thing he pulls out is the same thing that is in the bowl.' 756

"So the next day we all went over the hills to Strong Man's place. The others all went into the nice lodge that had been prepared for the doctoring. But I did not go, I just stayed in Strong Man's house, but I could hear them singing. The people who are in there always had to sing when the medicine man is doctoring.

"Little Man sat by the door of the lodge. The man did his medicine work. He always had a white handkerchief and a black one. This time he used the black one. He would kind of do things under that black handkerchief. Of course he did it so quickly that you could hardly see what he was doing. Sure enough, however, he had that thing I had told my husband about and he pretended that he had taken it out of the woman.

"He showed it first to all the men, and one of them said: 'Oh, that is the way this animal looks that eats on a person!' So Little Man looked at it and it was the very same thing I had seen in the bowl. Little Man clasped his hands in the gesture that indicated you think to yourself something is awful or powerful. Then all the women had to look at it and they especially make all kinds of exclamations about that thing. Then they handed it back to the doctor and he cut it up and ate it, and he drank all the water it was soaked in. Little Man was thinking to himself: 'Of all the dirty things he eats!' "

Attention may be called to Little Man's gesture of admiration or awe made in spite of his inner conviction of trickery. This behavior contrasts with Coming Daylight's open flaunting, on another occasion, of her disbelief in the same medicine man. It may be recalled, too (supra, p. 347), that while Little Man used to make fun of Stiffarm for wearing a special bracelet, he was careful not 756

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"My experience was by dreaming. One time before I was married—I must have been about eight years old—I was sleeping in a big lodge and a 'person' came and wakened me. He had a bag of medicines on his back. He came to me on four successive nights and laid out these medicines and told me what each was for. On the third of these nights there was a man lying there—he was just skin and bones. The 'person' who had awakened me told me: 'You could take all these medicines and you could cure people like that one lying there' [i.e., a person in the last extremity]. In my dream I would do everything he told me, manipulate my hands to draw out the sickness, and do everything. But I didn't want that power and would tell him so. Each morning too I would relate to my grandmother exactly what had happened in the night but she would try to hush me up, telling me: 'Don't say anything; don't tell anyone. You will be a great medicine woman.' But I didn't want that power. I didn't like it because when medicine people suck on the weak part of the sick person they have to swallow what they extract. I had decided I would rather be quiet and not do anything like that, or sacrifice my flesh, or things of that kind. Perhaps if it had come later I might have taken that power and become great."

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Nevertheless when later in life she had other dreams indicating supernatural power, she likewise refused. She explained in regard to one of these experiences, for instance: "The one who awakened me this time had told me to face the rising sun and was showing me how to make a smudge from the moss that grows close on logs; but I told him. 'No. I would rather not have it.' Those who have power die too soon."

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Incidentally, still in connection with curing, bleeding was an operation which was performed purely as a natural remedy for a person who felt dizzy or sluggish. Anyone could do it—no supernatural validation was needed. Other women described quite casually how it was done and discussed the various times they had actually performed the operation. Coming Daylight, however, insisted that while there was really nothing to such an operation, she could never bring herself to perform it, nor would she allow anyone else to bleed her; she could not stand the sight of blood.

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The aversion to the sight of blood and to self-mutilation was evidently deep-seated and showed itself in a marked manner early in her life. On one occasion a close relative was very ill. In such a situation it was expected that every member of the family would rally around and do whatever he could toward the recovery. Among the things that fell within the scope of activity for female relatives was that of vowing to sacrifice something valuable, including perhaps the blood from one's arm or a finger-joint, if the person recovered. At this particular time, Coming Daylight was a young child, and her grandmother decided that it would be appropriate for the little girl to offer that her finger-tip be removed if the relative regained his health. When it was suggested to her, Coming Daylight refused, even though her grandmother took after her with a stick. She actually ran away and wandered alone, until two nights later the relative died and an uncle finally found her.

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On another occasion in her early youth, too, she defied a convention connected with kinship by refusing to join in mourning for an uncle who had been killed in revenge for having instigated the murder of his brother's wife. When her grandmother upbraided Coming Daylight for not expressing grief in the traditional manner, the latter defied her by saying: "I am not going to cry for that man. I don't know why you are crying for him. I have worked for that woman and she has fed me, and has even given me meat to bring home to you. I heard